

**MORE
THINGS
TO COME.**

***BLACK WOMAN* &
A FEW
THINGS.**

CHERDERICKA NICHOLS JUNE 2020

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**Black women mother children
they do not bare, love men who
often leave them behind, and
fight for people who often forget
them. Despite the disparity of
compassion and regard, she
progresses on.**

Black Woman and a few things.

**BLACK WOMAN & A FEW
THINGS.**

BLACK WOMEN & THE WHITE WOMAN

**What work are you willing
to do so that I am protected?
Everything that I fight for is fruit for you,
but your harvest produces low hanging
fruit.**

**This can not nourish me.
What work are you willing to do
to ensure that the power your
concerns hold translates as
power for me?**

**What are you willing to sacrifice?
We have lost lives to your silence
and ignorance.**

**Are you willing to unlearn all the things you
thought you knew about a world that has
never existed?**

What are you willing to do for sisterhood?

BLACK WOMAN

**You are a chameleon and a
lonely mammal. It is not to
applaud you on your willingness to
survive with limited resources, but
it is to say in wonder; how?**

**How do you seek humanity in those
who often forget yours?
How do you love when, what's poured
into you is not enough?
How do you keep yourself in tact?
How do you not scream at your own
neglect?
How do you welcome change you
rally for but does not reflect you?
Black woman, how are you still here?**

**How are you able to build with a sheet
and a clip?
How are you able to beautify dirt?
How are you able to switch between
worlds and remain whole?
How are you able to show up for others
when you are forgotten?
How are you able to nourish with so very little?
How are you not conflicted with yourself?
How are you not lost?
How are you so many things and none at all?**

**How are you able to still
smile black woman?**

BLACK WOMEN & CHILDREN

We carry seeds that come with mapped out expiration dates, if we are not thoughtful in creating their path.

We carry seeds that we think we must violently police so that the police will not do so in our absence.

We carry seeds that are not allowed to be children as they enter a world that does not see them as such.

We carry seeds who process trauma before joy.

We carry seeds that innately carry all the violence that's been inflicted on their mothers. Physically, mentally, emotionally, and spiritually.

We carry seeds that we create two worlds for; their utopia and their reality.

We carry seeds that bare love inside and armors resilience outside.

We carry seeds that know their existence is revolutionary in itself.

We carry seeds with unknown power that unlocks at their will.

We carry seeds of unknown tongues who find the language they need to survive.

We carry very special seeds.

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BLACK WOMAN & THE PRO BLACK MAN

We allow these men to share beds with us, allow them into our hearts, we will lay lifeless at the expense of keeping air in their lungs, we will be more forgiving than saints on a Sunday because we have humanized them in a world that has dehumanized us both.

Where does his conflict meet him when he abandons the woman he shares a bed with, has been fueled by her now broken heart, has seen another day because she saw him worthy of the ultimate sacrifice, and when he's been spared the rage of a neglected thorn rose?

Where does his conflict meet him?

Has he not seen his mother in the variety of women who have loved him like a son?

Has he not seen a cast of women playing each and every role he nourishes from?

Why does this pro black man meet conflict at the black woman?

Why are you abandoning your shelter, nourishment, and lifeline?

Why do you think that she'll be a saint to you forever, when you've plucked her petals and left her with nothing but thorns?

Why do you meet her in conflict? Or are you meeting a lost part of yourself?

Are you conflicted by an energy that transgresses beyond rejection and always finds its space?

Are you conflicted at how love and rage can carry on in the same body?

What conflicts you?

What leaves you conflicted when she carries your DNA and guards it like her own?

What conflicts you when she's able to navigate through time and undo things for your unborn?

Are you afraid of magic?

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